ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

stories of Love and Adventure with Live Heroes and Heroines.

AS STRANGE AS FICTION.

No Lack of the Dramatic Element in Every-day Life.

BRATH RATHER THAN SEPARATION. A Banger Maiden Who Shot Hernelf When Lover Was About to Send her Away.

From the Banger Commercial Herbert J. Sprague, a well-known stevedore, who has worked along the river for years. lives in two rooms in the block on Main street ever the Boston Button store. Two flights of stairs have to be ascended to reach the rooms, and at the foot of the second flight is the room of Alexander McKinnon, the tailor. The other nembers of Sprague's family are his mother, an infirm woman who has reached the age of f5 years or more, and a girl named Blanche bbott, who is better known as Maude Abbott, who has been living there for the past three

months, keeping house, Somewhere between 6 and 6% o'clock Thursday morning Mr. McKinnon, who was in his nom and asleep, was aroused by Sprague, who rushed down stairs and said that the Abbott girl had shot herself, and wanted him to rush radoctor. Mr. McKinnon went to the Bangor House and aroused Dr. Sanger, who immeely responded to the call.

It seems that the Abbott girl has been staying in Bangor against the will of her parents. Sha was engaged to be married in Bucksport to a man named Snow, who she says is much older than horself, and after a long engagementake broke it and refused to marry him. Then she came to this city, became acquainted with Sprague, and has lived there, She has had frequent letters from her mother urging her to come home, and has steadily refused to go. A few weeks since she and Sprague drove to her home in Bucksport, and they then wanted her to stay at home. Sprague joined her parents in the entreaties, but the girl refused to stay, and came back with Sprague. On Tuesday she had a letter from her mother telling her to come, and Sprague has also heard from her people to the same effect. On account of this Sprague decided that the girl must go home, and was to send

Sprague's sister, Mrs. Henry Coombs of Chelses. Mass., a very intelligent woman, is in the city stopping at Mrs. Sawyer's, and going every day to stay with her aged mother. On Tuesday she was in the room for a long time and had a talk with the Abbott girl about going home. The latter persistently refused to go, saying that she would never marry the an Snow, and told a long story about being ill treated at home, being made to work hard a the factory, and not having any of her in the factory, and not having any of her money. It was evident from her conversation that she was very much in love with Sprague and would not leave him. She wrote a letter to her mother Tuesday, and after she had finished it she told Mrs. Coombs that that letter would show them whether she would go home. Last week, so Sprague says, the girl threatened to take her life. She had a bottle of laudanum, and said that she would die rather than go back to her mother and marry that man. On Tuesday, after her talk with Mrs. Coombs. the latter was startled to see her take down a greather bank of the washing with the very chamber loaded, from the closet where it lay. The visitor cautioned her to put it back, but no attention was given to her warning. The girl handled it easily, and several times remarked how easy it would be to kill herself with it. She said that she understood perfectly how to use it, as she had often practised firing at a mark. After a time, when the older woman became thoroughly irightened at her carelessness she put the revolver away.

We dnesday night the girl wrote another letter to be all that she would never return and marry that man, and made numerous other statements which were intended to convey the impression that she would kill herself. She told Mrs. Coombs that it was the last letter she should ever write her mother. In the evening she and Sprague went out and made a call upon some friends, returning at a comparatively early hour. The girl seemed in as good spirits as usual and to have entirely forgotten about being sent home, all of which shows that while she may be bright, she has a mind which at times is weak.

Thursday morning she got up at the usual hour and wart letter and sort and wart at the sent and server and wart at the sent and server and wart at the sent and server and wart at the server and wart money. It was evident from her conversation

that while she may be bright, she has a mind which at times is weak.

Thursday morning she got up at the usual hour and went into Sprague's room and sat down by the edge of his bed, waking him.

"Are you bound to send me away?" she said. Sprague told her that she had better go back to her mother. She protested strongly and kept repeating the above question. He made the same reply and argued that it would be better for her to leave Bangor. She said she would

same reply, and argued that it would be better for her to leave Bangor. She said she would not go, but would die right in that house. He thought that the threats were idle ones and paid no attention to them. Finally she made a cup of coffee for Sprague and told him to get up and drink it, as it was the last cup of coffee she would ever prepare for him.

She stood in the little room as she spoke and he was dressing, but noticed nothing strange is her actions and saw nothing in her hands. Suddenly he heard a quick, sharp report, saw her whirl around and fail to the floor, while a revolver dropped from her hands. He picked down stairs to send for a physician. It was syident that the girl had aimed for her heart, but she did not know its location. The builet entered her body just under her coilar bone and passed directly through her, coming out over her shoulder blade. The wound bled terribly, and the floor, clothing, and everything about the room was drenched in blood.

Marshal Whitney and Offleer Knatte were in the room as soon as the doctor finished dressing the wound to investigate the matter. The

marshal whitney and officer knalde were in the room as soon as the doctor finished dress-ing the wound, to investigate the matter. The aight of them aroused the girl, and she cried out: "I shot myself. I shot myself. Herbert had nothing to do with it, and is not a bit to blame in the matter."

Sprague went to the station with the officers and made a long statement conversing bly con-

blame in the matter."

Sprayne went to the station with the officers and made a long statement concerning his consection with the girl and his efforts to make her go home. It seems that she had sent back her go home. It seems that she had sent back the letters that her Bucksport lover. Snow, had sent to her and demanded hers, but he refused to give them up, and declared that he would marry her any way. In this determination he was backed up both by her people and his own. Sprague was last in Bucksport with her on the alght of July 4, when they went to a dance together. On their way they stopped at her some with them, but she utterly refused.

A Commercial reporter was at Sprague's rooms as soon as the doctor had finished his work. The girl lay in bed and was still bleeding. Mrs. Coombs said: "How do you feel wanted to get up and go to work." She is an erceedingly pretty girl of about 19 years, and wanted to get up and go to work." She is an erceedingly pretty girl of about 19 years, and wanted to talk constantly. She was laughing and oking all the time, and did not seem to him that the shooting was at all serious. It was about \$15 o'clock when Sprague was allowed to go back to his rooms, and it was then on a promise that he would not talk to the injured girl. She commenced to talk with him about not coing back to his rooms, and it was then on a promise that he would not talk to the injured girl. She commenced to talk with him about not coing back to his rooms, and it was then on a promise that he would not talk to the injured girl. She commenced to talk with him about not coing back to his rooms, and it was then on a promise that he would not talk to the injured girl. She commenced to talk with him about not coing back to his poons, and it was then on a promise that he would not talk to the injured girl. She commenced to talk with him

AN ALASKA ROMANCE.

Raw a Missouri Miner's Native Wife Led Him to Fortune. From the St. Louis Globe Demo-

Prom the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 16.—The crowd of passengers in the Union Dopot Monday evening were interested in a staiwart young man wearing the garb peculiar to mining districts, and his Esquimau wite indusery ear-old baby. The woman was clothed in ordinary female dress, but her dark skin, sharp back eyes, broken speech and appearance generally proclaimed her nativity, while the baby that seeled in her arms and pulled its papa's long beard, clearly showed its mixed blood.

The miner submitted to an interview as gracefully as a politician. His wife proved to have quite a romantic history, and his marriage to be a very interesting romance. My hame, said he, is James Sleed. I live in Alaska, and I am en route to my parents' home in Dallas county. Me., with my wile and baby for a visit. My wile is an Esquimau, about 22 years of age. I bought her three years ago while I was in the Forty-mile River placer gold district. She bolongs to the tribe that makes its headquarters at Fort Recovery, 1,800 miles above the mouth of the Yukon.

In the first place I hired her as a servant to assist me in exploring the placer gold dispings of the Lawrence River, a small stream about 100 miles up the Forty-mile River, paying her husband \$10 for her services three mouths. When I arrived at Forty-mile ihree years ago and staked my claim I heard wonderful storks about Lawrence River, but no camps have been exceptioned there, and the barrabove the mouth had not been pressuccied. I determined to go and see for myself. The journey had to be made in a canoe, and I nave out word that I desired to employ a mative to bole the boat and take are of my camping cutth. I confess that I was surprised the next day when a staiwart native led a woman into my hut and offered her as the servant I de-

sired. I consulted with other miners, and from them learned that the native females were the only ones that could be trusted, as they were diligent, strong, faithful, and honest, while the males were exactly the reverse, and liable to murder their sleeping employer if there is the least chance to get away with the body. I learned that the woman was the wife of the man who brought her to me. The woman seemed anxious to be employed, and I concluded a bargain with her husband.

"The next morning she appeared at my claim with a small bundle of clothing in hand. She set about and had my boat flitted up ready for the trip by noon, and we pulled out soon afterward. She poled the boat swiftly, while I sat on the stern musing over the degraded condition of the Alaska females. When the time came for stopping she drew the boat to the shore, made it fast, and drew a canvas over the part designed as the sleeping spartment. She could not understand a word that I said, but by signs I instructed her to prepare supper. When I sat down to eat I invited her to join me. She seemed suprised and blushed like a girl, but accepted my invitation. I was a little surprised when I found that my invitation meant to ner that I should treat her as a wife and not a servant, and that was the cause of her confusion.

"I found her assistance invaluable. She taught me how to wash a pan of gold, and her native goological knowledge enabled her to tell the gold value of any district we struck at a glance.

"She learned a few words of English, and we got on together amazingly well. The day before we returned home I noticed that the was downhearted about something, and I inquired the cause. Her eyes were full of tears as she turned her honest-looking face toward me and again. He will beat me. He don't treat me like you do." She finally informed me that her husband would sell her forever for \$50, and proposed if I would buy her she would work the gold value of any district we struck at a glance.

"Now that the woman in Alaska. I found her husband on a

"I had big luck at mining and determined to take my wife and baby back to the States to see my parents. When we came out we stopped at Sitka and were married in regular style. This was our first chance, and I guess it is all regular under the circumstances.

"I think my wife is nice. I love her dearly, and did you ever see a finer baby than that one in her arms?"

THE ROMANCE OF A STORE CLERK. His Marriage to a Wealthy New York Woman who Died and Left Him Rich.

From the Philadelphia News. To-day I want to tell you a most romantic

To-day I want to tell you a most romantic story about a young salesman who was employed in a celebrated clothing house on Chestrat street, until about eighteen months ago, at a salary of \$30 a week. This young salesman is Mr. E. I. Robinson. If you are familiar with New York you have often seen "Caswell the Hazzard" signs. They hang upon half a dozen retail drug stores in various parts of Gotham. Some years ago Mr. Caswell died, leaving his widow, as I am informed, a fortune of considerably over \$500,090.

Two years ago Mr. E. I. Robinson went to Newport to visit his sister, and there was introduced to Mis. Caswell, a lady about his own age. It was a case of love at first sight on both sides. Newport society remarked it; and the disappointed suitors, setting to work to learn Mr. Robinson's antecedents, soon found out that he was a salesman in a Philadelphia retail clothing store. They spread this report, but it had no effect upon Mrs. Caswell, who seemed to be as completely in love as was ever a girl of 16. The engagement was soon announced, and this was followed by a quite marriage. Many of the most fashionable ladies and gentlemen of Newport attended the reception held by the newly married pair after their return from a short wedding trip. This was about eighteen months ago.

Considerable astonishment was excited in this city by what was widely termed "Mr. Robinson's lucky catch." When he resigned his position as a thirty-dollar-a-week salesman his former comrades congratulated him, but in such a melancholly fashion that it was plain to see that they slightly envied his good fortune. The strangest thing about the whole affair was that nothing got into the newspaners at the time. For five months the bride and bridegroom led a life without a cloud. The possession of so much money did not make him distant with old friends. Every one who saw the couple remarked their ordent affection. They were devoted to each other, and this perhaps will account for the fact that they were seen so little in fashionable society. to him, as her sole heir, her fortune of considerably over half a million of dollars. For some time after she passed away he was inconsolable, but his doctors advised travel, and he left

able, but his doctors advised travel, and he left the country.

Yesterday I heard through one of his former friends in this city that young kobinson was at the Paris Exposition endeavoring to flud in change and amid the scenes and excitement of the capital of France the rest he could not secure here. I understand that he will remain abroad for some months until the bitterness of his bereavement is passed, and will then return pessibly to live in this city, where he was so long known as an unprending young man of business. His young acquaintances here in recalling his experiences of the past twenty-four months compare his career to that of the heroes of fables who are suddenly put in possession of great riches without any effort of their own.

A ROMANCE AND NO MISTAKE. The Father Finds the Son Whom He Had Never Sees.

Never Sees.

Prom the San Lucus Herold.

Thirty-six years ago William Hart, then a widower with two children, and now a respected citizen of San Lucas, was married to a young lady of Charleston, Hi. They lived in the East a short time, and then turned their faces toward the Golden Gate. Finally they reached Marysville, and took up their residence at Strawberry Valley, which is situated a short distance from that city. They had lived together now nearly nine years, and their wedded life had been blessed by the birth of two children, but death had entered the family and claimed them both. All these years they had lived together now a short at last an evil day drew nigh, and like many another young couple, they separated, each taking an opposite path.

Three weeks after the separation, a son was been to Mrr. Hart. Some time afterward Mr. Hart chanced to see his only living son, who at that time was about 3 months old. During the lapse of years which intervened between that time and the present, Mr. Hart heard nothing from his son or his former wile. He knew not whether they were dead or had taken up their abode in some far-away country. Our story is now centred in the Los Burros mining district, on the west coast of Monterery county, where during the past low weeks certain very strange things have come to light. Mrs. E. Caldwell, who is a daughter of Mr. Hart by his lirst wife, is living with her husband at the mines, where they keep a hotel.

About six weeks since two men from Washington Territory came to Los Burros and engaged board and lodgings at the Caldwell Hotel. The mame of these gentlemen were Thomas Kelley and T. B. Hart, the former desiring to invest in land. It seems that there is no regular Post Office at the mines, but all the mail is received at the Caldwell house and delivered to the proper persons. One evening, as Mrs. Caldwell handed a lotter to T. R. Hart, she remarked that her name was Hart before her marriage. This aroused a thinking in the mind of Mr. Hart and Mrs. E. Caldwell were related. T From the San Lucas Herald.

FATAL INCOMPATIBILITY. How an Old Flame Was Kindled Anew and

Then Turned to Ashes.

From the Chicago Tribuse.

The voice of the lady trembled slightly as she locked at the middle-ared but well-preserved gentleman before her and said:

"Can it be possible? Is this Henry Slumpus, the friend and companion of my earlier days?"

"It is, Florence—Mrs. Grampus," he said his own voice betraying an excitement he could not suspress. "I have come 500 miles to see you."

"How strange?" she said, as she sank into a chair, "Pray be seated, Harry—Mr. Slumpus.

How it seems to bring back old times to see you again?"

"It does—it does!" he replied. "Twenty years have gone. It seems an age. Yet how lightly time has touched you! Pardon me for saying so, but you look scarcely a day older than on that sad, bitter morning so long age when that foolish quarrel, in which I was to blame, separated us—"

"Do not speak of it, Har—Mr. Slumpus," replied the lady. "I was not blameless myself, But tell me your history, Where have you been and what have you done in all these years? Are you—are you—"
"Marriad?" he interrupted in a yole that

"Married?" he interrupted, in a voice that quivered in spite of him. "No. There has never been room in my heart for more than one love!"

For a few moments he was silent, and then he resured.

one love!"

For a few moments he was silent, and then he resumed:

"When I left your presence that memorable morning I went to the Far West. I threw myself into business, caring little whether I was successful or not. I prospered. In due time I learned through a friend of your marriage to Mr. Grampus. I threw myself still deeper into business. I made fortunes and lost them again, unmoved by either success or failure. At present I am not rich, but am in comfortable circumstances, with my means invested in a business that furnishes me a satisfactory income. I learned a few days ago, by accident, that you had been a widow for several years, and a longing came upon me to see you again. I could not resist it, and I am here. Are you sorry to see me. Florence?"

"I—I am not." said the widow, softly. "You have told me of yourself, Mr. Slumpus—"

"Call me Harry, please."

"Well—Harry—and it may interest you to know that Mr. Grampus, while not wealthy, left me a competence, which is invested in a business that is in every way prosperous."

"May I ask what it is?"

It is an establishment for the manufacturing of russet shoes.

"The visitor rose and took his hat.

"My romance is at an end, Mrs. Grampus," he said, in a hollow volce, "I am a manufacturer of liquid shoe blacking."

DEAD IN LOVE AT NINETY.

A Nonogenarian Sheds Tears Because His Sons Wen't Let Him Marry.

Prom the Religible Democrat.

Phineas T. Barton is the oldest citizen of the quaint old town of Granby. Mr. Barton has almost reached the ninetieth milestone on the journey of life, but feels so young that he has fallen in love again. He is worth from \$30,000 to \$50,000. His family of four sons and one daughter do not want a stepmother, and are trying to change the old man's mind on the subject. He was brought back from the station a few days ago while on his way to get married. In fact, the old man to-day is a close prisoner, and is not allowed to move outside his farm, lest he make another break to lead his sweetheart to the parson. He, however, declares that he will get married again, and that he is old enough to know what he wants. The old man's story of love and childish infatuation is, indeed, a romance in itself. It was not until a week ago that his family discovered that he was courting a widow in Springfield, one in Hartford, and another in Belchertown, and it is said that a beautiful widow of this city is among his admirers.

One day last week the old man hitched up his team, and after changing his farm clothes for his Sunday suit and crawling into the bugsy, remarked to his daughter, "I am going to Springfield to get married," "To get married, father?"

The daughter looked at her gray-haired sire half amazed and half bewildered, but before she could speak another word the old man was onlis way to marry the charming widow of 50, who said she loved him.

He drove to Belchertown, where he intended to take the cars to Springfield. As soon as he had left they and, however, his daughter ran down to the fields and told her husband, and the latter hitched up the fastest horse, and soon had the one he was driving like Jehu, caught him at the depot. With tears streaming down his face, he begged to be allowed to go to Springfield, but the young man made him return. He is now kept under the watchful eyes of his son's family. A reporter cailed and could not get him to say anything on the subject of his love affai Prom the Bolycke Democrat.
Phineas T. Barton is the oldest citizen of

The Story of a Poor Girl Who Said She

Was the Victim of a Mock Marriage.

Denver, Col., July 27.—A year ago Miss Nellie Dolan, who had graduated at a prominent Eastern seminary, became principal of a school about forty miles out of Denver. She there became acquainted with a young man from the East, a pretended capitalist, whose purpose in visiting the West, he said, was to speculate in mines.

One day Miss Dolan left home, happy and radiant, for her school in the country. She never reached there, and shortly after her strange and startling disappearance was the talk of Denver. For weeks and months circulars of all kinds were scattered broadcast over the country asking for information of the missing girl. No satisfactory reply was ever received. Some time in the latter part of May a goodlocking young woman, well dressed but travel worn, called at Mrs. McNealy's boarding house in Kansas City and asked for a room. She gave her name as Mrs. Nellie D. Kimber, and she hired a front room, for which she paid two weeks in advance.

About the let of June she became ill, and it

gave ner name as ars, Neille D. Rimber, and she hired a front room, for which she paid two weeks in advance.

About the let of June she became ill, and it was apparent that she was about to become a mother. At the same time she said that her money was gone and that she could not employ nurses. An elderly, kind-hearted lady named Mrs. Weish, asked her why she did not write to her relatives to whom she had never alluded, and the young woman replied with a sob:

"You see herethe victim of a mock marriage. Though, before God. I believed when it was performed that it was a true one. As for my father and mother, they shall never know of this. They have plenty of money, but I will he glad to die soon rather than let them know the secret of my life or my shame.

From that time the poor girl grew gradually worse. The authorities were notified and the woman was removed to a city hospital. A few days after the girl was surely dying. She suddenly sat upright in bed as an elderly woman entered the dormitory, and a cry of agony burst from her lips.

"Oh, Mother!" she cried, and then she sank back upon her pillow. Even the woman's entreaties failed to elicit, information regarding the man who had done her such a great wrong. The name of Kimber, which she adopted, was not her own, but her mother's maiden name. The unfortunate girl died.

FORGOT SHE WAS MARRIED, A Dashing Kansus Widow Finds Herself in a Strange Predicament. From the St. Louis Republic.

From the St. Louis Republic.

SEDALIA, Mo., July 20.—Last winter a good-tooking widow, Mrs. Sallio Aldred, who was divorced from ner husband and lives in Harper, Kansas, visited Nedalia, While here she was wooed and won by one John Carbor. A ter a brief courtship their affection was consummated by procuring a marriage license of the County Recorder here and being united in marriage. They were married in the Court House at Sedalia on the 14th day of February, 1889, by Judge Z. F. Balley, Probate Judge of Petris County.

Immediately after the ceremony he called her baby and she called him pet and they embraced with a kiss. The certificate of marriage is now on record in the Recorder's office with Judge Balley's return. The couple lived together but a short time here when they found their tempers incompatible and separated by mutual divorce. She went back to her home in kansas, where she has a child, and he went his way elsewhers.

It has been reported in and around the woman's Kansas home that she was married here, and the report caused considerable gossic. The woman bitterly denied it, and wrote a letter to an acquaintance here asking him if she was married here. She says she has long been subject to fits, and if she was married here she says she was married in a fit or during a period of mental imbedility. She claims to have no recollection of the marriage.

A copy of the certificate was seen her. The ceremony was witnessed by several persons.

ENOCH ARDEN REVERSED.

The Wife Comes Back After Many Years From the San Francisco Chronicle.

A sort of Enoch Arden romance, with the sexes roversed, was un in Judge Rearden's court yesterday afternoon. Meta Rebmann was suing William F. Rebmann for a divorce, on the ground of adultery, and, after she had sworn that she had lived in the State for more than six months, she was granted a divorce, The testimony in the case was entirely documentary, and revealed a remarkable story of marriage infelicity when looked into.

The parties were married at Winfield, Queen's county, N. Y., in 1880, and have one child. The defendant was and still is a leading physician of that county. A couple of years after the marriage there was a quarrel and Mrs. Rebmann went to Europe. Her husband followed, but Mrs. Rebmann would not return.

The physician returned, leaving his wife and little girl abroad, and after a time heard, so it is stated in the depositions taken by order of the Superior Court in Winfield, that his wife was dead. He then took unto himself another wife without a formal ceremony, and is still living with her.

Mrs. Rebmann, who was very ill for a time in Europe, returned to this country three years ago, but hearing that her husband had another wife remained away from her home and came A sort of Enoch Arden romance, with the

to California nearly two years ago. She is now earning her living in an interior town.

Last November she began proceedings for a divorce, and a commission was sent to a resident notary of Winfield to take testimony. The defendant admitted that the charge of adultory was true, but advanced the defence that he thought his first wife dead, Mrs. Rebmann's successor corroporated the Doctor. She and Mrs. Rebmann bad been schoolmates.

Mrs. Rebmann was awarded the custody of the minor child and \$200 worth of alimony.

MONTMORENCE'S SECRET.

The Patal Curtonity of the Wife of a Mysterious Billionaire.

madam."
With a low bow he left the room, and passing through the double row of liveried lackeys in the great hall, entered his carriage and was whirled swiftly away.

It is in the private office of the great detective firm of Simpson, Ferret & Simpson. A veiled lady is engaged in an earnest conversation with the greatest detective of the age, Theophilus V. Simpson.

"And can you then discover the nature of his business?" she asks in tones of suppressed excitament. his business? she asks in tones of suppressed excitement.

Madam. I myself will shadow him if need be day and night, but I will discover all.

"Enough said. When you have obtained the information I seek come to me and I will double this sum." and with these words the veiled lady slips into the detective's hand a large roll of \$1,000 bills.

III. Again we are in the palatial home of Herbert Cecil Montmorenci, the mysterious billionaire.

Herbert and Hortense are sitting tête-à-tête at the table in the breakfast room. It is furnished entirely in light blue and white. The walls are covered with silicen draperies and dainty aquarelles of fishing and hunting scenes. There is an air of refinement and subdued iuxury everywhere.

band.
"And once more, and for the last time, I refuse," answers Herbert, with a grim smile, as
he daintily wipes his mouth with a point-lace

creasing excitement.

There is a dreadful pause, and a silence so intense that it seems to fill the room to suffication and be trying to burst the limits of the walls and escape into the world at large. This lasted fully thirty seconds; then the detective leans forward, and in a voice trembling with the intensity of his emotion, says in a hoarse whister:

the intensity of his emotion, says in a noarse whisper:

"He is the head waiter in a Coney Island hotel."

With the smothered shrick of a stifled maniac Hortense fell prone upon the Assyrian carpet. Herbert areas quietly, calmy lighted a cigarette, and turning to the detective, said in a tone of cool villainy; "I have played my game and I have lost. I wish you joy of your victory."

tory."

Then pointing to the prostrate figure of Hortense, he smiled sardonically, and left the room with the well-bred case so characteristic of the true aristocrat and head waiter.

Mrs. Ah Jim Tired of Lafe.

From the Cieveland Leader.
Clara Ah Jim, the white wife of a Chinese

Clara Ah Jim, the white wife of a Chinese laundryman at 300 St. Clair street, attempted to commit suicide at 6% o'clock last evening by swallowing a dose of carbolic acid. The patrol wagon was called, and she was taken to Lakeside Hospital. The physician in charge there said that her recovery was certain, the worst effect of her recklessness being a badly burned mouth.

Mrs. Ah Jim is only 18 years of age, but she has had quite an eventful career. Her maiden name was Clara Behner, and two years ago she became infatuated with Ah Jim, and married him. She soon tired of her choice, and transierred her affections to another man. Some time ago she went back to the Chinaman, and was taken in. Ah Jim has expressed his intention of returning to China, and it is said that this caused Clara to attempt suicide. An intelligent Chinaman who knows the counle was seen alter the attempt, and he was very anxious to know if the woman would recover. He said that Clara was a nice woman, but that Jim was a bad man, and "takee too muchee." He also volunteered the information that Ah Jim had a wife living in China.

Eloped Twice with a Burglar.

Newburgh, July 21.—James Sagar of Vall's Gate, Orange county. N.Y.. accombanied by an officer, was searching in this city yesterday for his wife, who ran away from home on Friday with James Storms, her husband's half brother. Storms is wanted by the Sheriff of Putnam county for burglary, and sports several aliases, being known in some localities as Everett and in others as Salisbury.

Mrs. Sagar is considerably younger than her husband, and was married to him some years ago, soon after the wedding she eloped with Storms, and was absent on this occasion two months. When she returned she was forgiven by her husband. A few days ago Storms visited his half brother at Vall's Gate, but had to cut short his stay bocause there was a warrant for burglary out against him. When he went away he took with bim not only Mrs. Sagar, but her six weeks-old lefant.

The absconding couple were traced to this citr, but are supposed to have taken a southbound train on the West Shore road yesterday.

Wanted to Choose a Wife for the Parson.

From the Chicago Tribune.

OMAHA, July 29.—The Rev. G. H. Schnur, who for the last three years has ministered to the spiritual necessities of the little church on North Fifteenth street, known as St. Mark's Lutheran, has resigned because his congregation would not let him choose a wife for himself. He selected for his neighbor of himself, and estimable young lady of his flock named Miss Nina L. Charles. But the Rev. Mr. Schnur had already been selected as a son-in-law by one of the mammas of his congregation, and when his enragement to Miss Charles was made public the disappointed matron raised such a ferment that a church necting was called at which a resolution was introduced to the effect that the pastor had not shown due respect for the opinion of his people in one of the most important concerns of life, and that the interest of both made his resignation the only reoper thing under the circumstances. The disturbers were unable to muster the necessary two-thirds to carry their resolution, and induced his friends to vote for its acceptance. He says he will seek another vineyard.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

a Stowaway Caused a High Gld Mutiny on a British Brig. Reading in the papers the other day of the arrest of the mate of the Rio steamer Finance for cruelty to three or four stowaways who made their appearance after the vessel was well on her voyage, has recalled vividly an adventure I had when a boy of 14. and, though I was a very humble individual myself, the particulars of that adventure stirred the people of a great kingdom.

I know the sailor from topmast head to kel-

The Fatal Ceriosity of the Wife of a Mysterious Billionaire.

Process treening sun.

"And you are not happy, Hortense?"

Happy!"

Beneric serving such that developed the word cannot be adequately expressed in cold, pulseless type.

Happy!"

Beneric serving such that which Hertense of the word that the such as a such that there is always a disposition to did suit and to marnify evils. Jack would have his growth, no matter how well fed and how well was lights easting a soft glow over the rich process the great drawling was lights easting a soft glow over the rich growth and there is a certain antagonism was lights easting a soft glow over the rich growth was light easting a soft glow over the rich growth was light easting a soft glow over the rich growth was light easting a soft glow over the rich growth was light easting a soft glow over the rich growth was light easting a soft glow over the rich growth was light easting a soft glow over the rich growth was light easting a soft glow over the rich growth was light easting a soft glow over the rich growth was light easting a soft glow over the rich growth was light east growth and the growth growth was light east growth and the rich growth growth and the rich growth g

her hatred came to be reflected in my father. He saw me thrown out on the world with hardly a protest, and two days later, when he me me in the street, he gave me about eight shillings in money and advised me to set up as a bootblack and newsboy. I should probably have followed his suggestions had I not on that same day chanced to fail in with two or three lads who wore planning to stow themselves away aboard of an English brig called the Charles H. Churchill. They were boys who had run away from home or been thrown over like myself, and the idea was that they could do better in England. I was invited to join, and when our plans had been laid there were four of us of about the same age. We looked the brig over, found that we could get aboard, and made our arrangements. One night, when the brig was bearly ready for sea, I stole aboard, carrying with me about two quarts of water and four pounds of broad and meat. This was the share I wasto furnish. I was to be first aboard, slip down the midship hatch, and the others were to follow at brief intervals. A fire on board a ship a few hundred feet away collected the crew of the brig aft, and I got aboard without risk. The hold was nearly full of bags, barrels, and boxes, and after waiting a few minutes I made my way over these toward the bow, and found a very comfortable place on a lot of dry hides. I remained awake and alert for two hours, and then fell asieep without realizing that I was a bit sleepy. It was morning when I awoke, and as the sailors were at work below I dared not move or call out. I figured that my companions were in hiding around me, and so rested easy through the day, sleeping most of the time. At about sundown I felt the ship under motion, and an hour later the hatches were closed and I was in midnight darkness. I had matches and a sub of candle, and, after striking a light, I moved around and whistled and called to my companions. I could make my way over the freight pretty easily in any direction. and I would not give up that I was alone until I

in the distriby whose it is mouth with a point-lace napkin.

"You positively rofuse?"

"I positively rofuse."

"Enough!"

"Enough!"

"Enough!"

"I he lady stretches forward her dainty jewelled hand and touches a golden bell. A stately butler enters with noiseless tread.

"Johnson, tell Mr. Simpson I will see him here at once,"

The butler disappears and in the next moment ushers in Theophilus V. Simpson, the famous detective. He bows politely to Mr. and Mrs. Montmorenel and stands waiting in silence.

"You have followed my instructions?" in "And you succeeded?"

"And you succeeded?"

"And you succeeded?"

"And his business?" she asks, rising part was from her golden Louis XV. chair in her increasing excitement.

There is a dreadful pause, and a silence so intense that it seems to fill the room to sufforth and why I had selected his vessel.

after the Captain and interrogated me as to my sensity and why I had selected his vessel.

"You can have him now, and I hope you'll kill him before the week is out."

"Ayo, sir, leave that to me," was the reply. "Alon him before the week is out."

"Ayo, sir, leave that to me," was the reply. "I'll find a dozen ways to make him wish hed never been born."

I had committed an offence, but nothing deserving such punishment as I received for the next tires days. I was flogged, his ked, canfed, as could think of, and was more than once one dered insensible by their cruelty. I heart the men cursing the officers for their conduct, and encouraging each other to interfere, but I was passive. Indeed, after a beating or two, I was passive. Indeed, after a beating or two, I was passive. Indeed, after a beating or two, I was passive. Indeed, after a beating or two, I was passive. Indeed, after a beating or two, I was passive. Indeed, after a beating or two, I was passive. Indeed after a beating or two, I was passive. Indeed after a beating or two, I was passive in the total scarcer of the brig was an enormous shark. It had occurred to the two brutes to have some fun with me. The mate noosed a rope and passed it around my waist, and then, while I struggled and shrieked and begged for morey, he carried me to the port quarter and dropped me overboard for shark bait. The shark made a rush for me, but I was hauled up just the made a rush for me, but I was hauled up just industed uproarlously, and the latter had picked me up to drop me from the other quarter when the entire crew came running aft. I saw that much and then fainted away, and what took place wrille I was unconscious was nover clearly related to me find the other quarter when the entire crew came running aft. I saw that much and the made a rush for me, but I was a sould be done and all were liable to the gallows. The three reads of the men was the first done scheduling the service of the men and to the saw of the bright. He was now asked to take command of the brig uni

made slow progress, and at the end of two weeks the situation on board could not have been much worse. There were nine of us, including the cook, a black man, and each man of them seemed determined to do as he pleased. All messed in the cabin, and all had access to the liquor, and as a consequence fights frequently occurred, and there were times when the brig had close shaves from being made a wreck. On one occasion the men charged the mate with playing them false, and with planning to deliver them up to justice, but he somehow satisfied them that he was holding to the course originally agreed upon, and he was honeat in what he said. After a run of some twenty-five days he announced that we were approaching the Solomon Islands, and the men at once made ready to carry out their further plans.

miself, the particulars of that adventure silred the people of a great kingdom.

I know the salior from topmast head to kelson. I have salied in all sorts of crafts, with all sorts of craws, and have served many. Captains, and that there is always a disposition to find fault and to magnify evils. Jack would have his growl, no matter how well fed and how well used. On land there is a certain antagonism between employer and employed. On shipboard this is intensified, but that is because the employer has so much so much more power over the employed. If ranking admit that I have never met half a dozen salion for some serving under, who were without complaints, but it does not follow that all the others complained without reason. The ship may be comfortable and full-handed, the fare all right, and the Captain a good man, but the mates can still make the craft mighty uncomfortable for the men. I venture to asset that there are not half a dozen long-voyage salling crafts leaving our shores in which adventures. The Dutch. Swedes, Russians, and what is true of America is true of all other countries. The Dutch. Swedes, Russians, and what is true of America is true of all other countries. The Dutch Swedes, Russians, and my fatter decided to zo to Australia. I was his only child, and he was by no means burdead with money. He was a master plumber, and he set out for Sidney under contract. Three, zmonths alter our arrival he married again, and with money. He was a master plumber, and he set out for Sidney under contract. Three, zmonths alter our arrival he married again, and stream of the boat of the mission around the proposition of the sake of the plunder. The same of the coat it was knewn that they made a large decided to zo to Australia. I was his only child, and he was by no means burdead with money. He was a master plumber, and he set out for Sidney under contract. Three, zmonths after our arrival he married again, and it was not six weeks before my step mother to be a substitutes.

The Luck of an Arkansas Bruggist.

T

The Luck of an Arkansas Bruggist,

Opposite Memphis and about twenty miles inland I stopped at a general store to rest and got a bite to eat. Besides keeping hardware wooden-ware, dry goods, groceries, saddlery, notions, boots and shoes, smoked and sait meats, there was a stock of drugs in the rear. I got some crackers and cheese, and while eating there came in a colored man. He complained of pains in the chest and wanted a remedy. The merchant scratched his nose re-flectively, looked along the shelves, and finally took down a bottle, poured a two-ounce phila full, and corked it up and handed it over with the remark:

full and corsec it up and the the remark:

"Take five drops of that in water every four hours. Fifty cents."

The negro paid and went away, and in a few minutes a woman came in for something for dyspersia. He took down a chance bottle, poured some of the contents into a phial, and charged her sixty cents. Then I inquired if he was a doctor. was a doctor. "Well, sorter," he replied.

"Mell, sorter," he replied.
"And you know drugs?"
"Yes, tolerably fair,"
"You put up queer remedies for those two complaints."
"Did 1? Do you know drugs?"
I have served five years as prescription clark."

"How?"
"No. sir."
"You advertise that he weighs about 400 lbs?"
"You advertise that he weighs about 400 lbs?"
"You advertise that he weighs about 400 lbs?"
"That's a falsehood. He won't weigh 100,"
"When?"
"To-day; now; this minute."
"Oh. I see, An explanation is due you, I run a museum in New Orieans. That boy is one of my treaks. In the summer he is my skeleton and in the winter my fat boy. It takes him about six weeks to make the change, and he just began to pick up flesh last week. He was the mest beautiful skeleton you ever saw, and if you can only see him two months later you'll be delighted at his rotundity. He'll weigh all of 400 in two months from this."
"Yes, but I came in here to see a fat boy."
"Well, there he is."
"But he's no fatter than any other bey of his age. It looks to me like a fraud."
"Good heavens, man, but do you want the earth all at once." he gasped. "Give him time to change, won't you? Here look at this look of hair cut from the head of George Washington. It's my own property, and not on exhibition, but I want to satisfy you that I am square. A skeleton weighing 42 nounds can't change to a 402-pound fat boy in as hour or a day. We expect the public to be lealent with your family and I'll make reduced rates.

Paster Cole Turning White.

Paster Cole Turning White, From the Galveston News,

Paster Cole Turning White.

From the Gaireston News.

The Rev. Thomas Cole, paster of the East Dallas Street M. E. Church at Houston is in the city attending the colored Sunday school Convention. The lies, Mr. Cole is the victim of a very pseudiar frenk of nature, and from being a black man by birth is rapidly turning white. He says the change began to first manifest itself in 1884, when he was working for the late Dr. McClanahan of this city. It lirst appeared in a little white spot on his wrist. Since then the white surface has begun to enlarge and spread all over his body in spots of various dimensions, from seven inches in length to three and four inches in width down to spots not larger than the circumference of a large size bird shot. He says his body is striped like a zebra. His hands are nearer white than black, and his face is beginning to turn, making him a very conspicuous object.

He being an intaily very black in color the contrast is all the more striking. As he is attracting a good deal of public attention, and being as olded as a heper, he called at the Aeros office last night to ask that the statement be made that his physical peculiarity is the result of a freak of nature, and not caused by any disease. He has always been perfectly healthy and has never suffered the least physical inconvenience in consequence of this peculiar freak that nature is playing upon him.

Do Not Neglect

some powerful disease obtains a firm footbold, and recovery is difficult, perhaps impossible. Take Hood's Sarvaparilla, the defender of health, in time to restore you to perfect health.

When I took Hood's Sarvaparilla that heaviness in

my stomach left; the duiness in my head and the gloomy, despondent feeling disappeared. I began to get stronger, my blood gained better circulation, the coldness in my hands and feet left me."-G. W. HULL Attorney at Law, Millersburg, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$0. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Bollar

THE FEATHERED HOME GUARD. Wrens and Robins Against Sparrows-Cat

Birds Against a Biack Snake. SCRANTON, July 27 .- Several weeks ago a pair of house wrens built their nests on the limb of a cherry tree that reached close up to Farmer Almon Skinner's residence in the Para-dise valley. The coulding little birds had hardly put the finishing touches on their snug abode when a flock of English sparrows pitched upon them, put them to flight, and tore the nest away. On the following day the peaceable and industrious wrons returned, selected a more secluded spot nearer to the house, and began to construct a new nest in the thick foliage. Mr. Skinner had witnessed the destruction of the first nest and the cruel conduct of the troublesome sparrows had protwenty of them that afternoon with his shotgun. He was determined to protect the cheerful little wrens from that time on, and he went to work to slaughter every sparrow that came in sight.

The wrens were not molested again by the

pugnacious sparrows until the female had laid two eggs and begun to sit, Mr. Skinner could see into the nest from a second-story window, and he was up there one day taking a look at the quiet female wren as she sat on her two eggs, when half a dozen sparrows, chirping as hard as they could, dashed into the tree all at once, and made a vicious dive at the wren, swooping down upon her in a heap. She flew from the nest with a cry of alarm. and the male wren darted into the leafage and made a brave effort to protect their little home, but the ugly sparrows hastily forced both wrens ito flit from the tree. Mr. Skinner leaned out of the window and scared the sparrows away before they had injured the nest. Then he ran down stairs, grabbed his shotgun, and rushed out of the front door, intending to shoot a lot more of the meddlesome sparrows. When he had got into the dooryard a lively battle had been begun around the top of the cherry tree, and, seeing that he would be ant to injure other birds if he fired at the sparrows, he put down his gun and watched the fight.

A number of cock robins, who had been within easy call of their sitting wives in the adjoining maple and fruit trees when the noisy sparrows swooped down upon the wren's nest. had come together and tackled the sparrows

A number of cock robins, who had been was a doctor. The robins of the robins to was a doctor. The robins of the robins who had been was a doctor. The robins of the robins who had been was a contract the robins of the robins who had been sching to see for a month 1 foot this stock on a not robin. The robins was a robin for the robins who had been sching to see for a month 1 foot this stock on a not robins which are robins and the robins was a robin sever a robin sever and the robins was a robin sever a robin sever and the robins was a robin sever and robins was a robins was a robin sever was a sever and robins was a robin sever was a robin sever was a robin was a robin sever was a robin was a robin sever and robins was a robin was a robin sever and robins was a robin sever and robins was a robin sever and ro

THE MURDERED CIRCUS RIDER. What is Known in this Country of Elvira

Elvira Madigan, the circus rider, who was shot and killed in Copenhagen by her titled paramour, Count Sparre, belonged to a family of circus performers who are well known to the older followers of the craft in this country. although the Madigans have pursued their business in Europe almost exclusively for more than thirty years past. In 1857 Hank Madigan, his son James, who is the father of the dead girl, and his daughter Rose went to Europe with Howe & Cushing's show.

Rose afterward married James Myers, a clown, leaper, and rider. Hank returned clown, leaper, and rider. Hank returned to this country, but James remained abroad, and has been there ever since. His wife, too, was a performer, and in her early dars was appronticed to John Wall, who, after he had retired from active life, used to take ambitious young riders and train them for sorvice in the ring. Their daughter Elvira was reputed among the craft to be a graceful and daring rider, and to have a very attractive face and figure. The story goes that the vengeful fount was first captivated by her charms as he saw her in the ring in her regular circus coclume. It is asserted by one whose knowledge of circus performers extends forty years land that the girl had probably never even visited this country, although both of the parents were Americans. Her father was a double somersault performer, leaper, and rider. A double act with his wife was one of his specialities.